

BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



SPENCER VOLUME IV.
*She was attended with exceeding dread
 And would have laid the dagger by her side*



Engraved by

Printed for John Bell near St. Paul's Church-yard in London March 21st 1778.

Benjamin Sneyd

Page

5

31

48

78

80

103

121

142

163

182

201

222

240



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.
VOL. IV.
CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.
FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spread so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be scene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes----
So SPENSER now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1788.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.
VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.
FROM MR. USTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the time was given to judge
Though I say I had of late somewhat to say,
That that the Muse should have so great a charge,
As to such heights mount in the world,
To reach a summit that he never had reached,
His Sidney notes him such, and knew his state;
So that he was by Sidney's spirit won,
To strive for time, not losing time in vain;
So SPENSER now, to the immortal name,
Gave what the world did then to him then.
FINIS TO THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1788.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepherd's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1788.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
EDMUND SPENSER

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. LYTTON, OF

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THESE WORKS, FIRST PUBLISHED
IN 1599, HAVE SINCE BEEN
REPRINTED IN SEVERAL EDITIONS,
AND ARE NOW, FOR THE FIRST
TIME, REISSUED IN A NEW
EDITION, WITH THE LIFE OF THE
AUTHOR, AND A COMPLETE
INDEX TO THE WORKS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1801.

Ca
Th
Th
Ye
Hi
W
He
He
Th
Of

Bu
He
An
He
An
Th
H
Sa
T

A
A
N
N
B
O
A
W
T

VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd aboard.
Whenso in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hōste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde;
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive:

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
And thousands like which flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyd.

IX.

And every where he might, and everie while,
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceiv'd all, and all indewd.
 Thus finely did he his false nets disprede,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

X.

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will rive,
 Or daily siege through dispurvayance long,
 And lacke of resekewes, will to parley drive:
 And Peece, that unto Parley eare will give,
 Will shordly yielde itselfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victor's will bylive:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine displayd;

XI.

For through his traines he her entrapped hath,
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold
 To him without regard of gaine, or scath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to chuse a fayre outquold.
 Nought wants but time and place, which shordly shee
 Devized hath, and to her lover sold:
 It pleased well: so well they both agree:
 So ready type to ill, ill womens counsell: bee.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellepore;
Malbecco her pursuwaie;
Fyns amongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

I.

THE morrow next, so soone as Phoebus' lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
Faيرة Britomart, and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend;
But Paridell complaynd that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
(Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers young man's unruly maystery,
His money, which he lov'd as living breath,
And his faيرة wife, whom honest long he kept uncath.

III.

But patience perforce he must abie
What Fortune and his Fate on him will lay ;
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie :
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may,
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent ;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent ;
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde :
False Love ! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse ? thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the minde ;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee ;
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle :
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenor's both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere;
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
 The which she meant away with her to beare;
 The rest she fyr'd for sport or for despight;
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
 The Troiane flames, and reach to heven's hight,
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that doleful sight.

XIII.

The second Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
 The whiles her husband ran, with sory haste,
 To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
 And ran into her lover's armes right fast;
 Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
 And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past,
 For lo, that guest did beare her forcibly,
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismayd;
 But when againe he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
 He was therewith distressed diversely,
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
 Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire ; love money overcame :
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife ; money did love disclame :
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde ;
Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

XVI.

Thus whilst all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and liberty, to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame :
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came :
So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit) where list them to repayre.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight :
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions that in man may light
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore;
 Still when he mused on his late mischief,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seemd more grievous then it was before:
 At last, when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,
 Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought;
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX.

At last, resolving like a pilgrim pore,
 To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaves in ground; so takes in hond
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond:
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
 And every where that he mote understand
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
 And of each one he mett he tydings did inquire:

XX.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wise
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple ever to surprise
 The iolly Paridell for all his paine.
 One day, as he fore-passed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which hoved close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide,

XXI.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize,
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright,
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight :

XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeing what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with love's extremity,
That is the father of fowle Gealosy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weet;
But as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet :

XXIII.

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe;
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere,
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine lord appere;
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
 That every member of his body quooke.
 Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
 " Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
 " Where I expected one with shield and spere,
 " To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speach
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said,
 " Good Sir! let not my rudenes be no breach
 " Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
 " For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
 " A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,
 " That seeke a lady."—There he suddein staid,
 And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" said Trompart; "take good hart,
 " And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
 " Was never better time to shew thy smart
 " Then now, that noble succor is thee by,
 " That is the whole world's commune remedy."
 That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
 And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
 That hold he sayd, "O most redoubted pere!
 " Vouchsafe, with mild regard, a wretches cace to
 heare."

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,
"Sith I enioyd the gentlest dame alive,
"Of whom a knight, no knight at all, perdee,
"But shame of all that do for honor strive;
"By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
"Through open outrage he her bore away,
"And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
"Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
"Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII.

"And you, most noble Lord! that can and dare
"Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
"Cannot employ your most victorious speare
"In better quarrell then defence of right,
"And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight;
"So shall your glory be advaunced much,
"And all faire ladies magnify your might,
"And eke myselfe (albee I simple such) [rich."
"Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt,
And sayd, "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
"And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
"I tread in dust thee and thy money both; [wroth.
"That were it not for shame"—So turned from him

XXX.

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
 In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
 Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
 And in his eare him rownded close behinde;
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
 Waiting aduantage on the pray to sease,
 Till Trompart, lastly to the grownd inclinde,
 Besought him his great corage to appease,
 And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty doucepere,
 At last he thus, "Thou clod of vilest clay,
 "I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;
 "But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,
 "And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
 "I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward;
 "Fame is my meed, and glory vertue's pay;
 "But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
 "And mov'd amisse with massy muck's unmeet re-

XXXII.

[gard.

"And more, I graunt to thy great misery
 "Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent;
 "And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
 "Which hath thy lady reft, and knighthood shent,
 "By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
 "The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
 "I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;
 "Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,
 "But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen he
 dedd."

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steede to thunder furiously,
As if she heven and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered;
But those two sought not but the present prey,
To weete the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For sith the howre that first he did them lett [whett.
The same behold, therewith their keene desires were

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone,
For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He nould be clogd: so had he served many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loose at randon leste,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,
 Till on a day the Satyres her espide
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
 Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
 With them as housewife ever to abide,
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bredd,
 And every one as commune good her handeled:

XXXVII.

That shortly she Melbecco has forgott,
 And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,
 And now by fortune was arrived here,
 Where those two guilers with Malbecco were:
 Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII.

And after asked him for Hellenore.

"I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,

"She wonneth in the forrest there before."

So forth he rode as his adventure fell;

The whiles the boaster from his loftie sell

Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;

But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,

But went his way; whom when he passed kend,

He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX.

“ Perdy nay,” said Malbecco, “ shall ye not,
“ But let him passe as lightly as he came ;
“ For litle good of him is to be got,
“ And mickle perill to bee put to shame :
“ But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,
“ Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld,
“ For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
“ Least salvage beastes her person have despoild,
“ Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have

XL.

[toyld.]

They all agree, and forward them addrest :
“ Ah ! but,” said crafty Trompart, “ weete ye well
“ That yonder in that wastefull wildernessse
“ Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell ;
“ Dragons, and Minotaures, and feedes of hell,
“ And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
“ All traueilers ; therefore advise ye well
“ Before ye enterprise that way to wend :
“ One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end.”

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav’d in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, “ You, that are the most opprest
“ With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
“ Here for to stay in safetie behynd ;
“ My lord and I will search the wide forest.”
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

XLII.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave
"Your treasure here in some security,
"Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
"Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
"Till we returne againe in safety :
"As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
"Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
"Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave."
It pleased; so he did : then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horror fill :
That dreadfull sound the boster's hart did thrill
With such amazement, that in hast he fledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd : [dedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half

XLIV.

Yet afterwardes close creeping, as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd :
The iolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore, with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made :
She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in a thickett lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made [invade.
To shroud themselves, while sleepe their sences did

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright;
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd
 Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
 Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
 Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his heart with gealosy did swell;
 But yet that night's ensample did bewray
 That not for nought his wife them lov'd so well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
 When wearie of their sporte to sleepe they fell,
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
 That it was he which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.
 As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe;
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
 And then perceiving that it was indeed
 Her old Malbecco which did her upbrayd
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
 But he her prayd for mercy or for meed
 To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Volume IV.

C

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
And home retourne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if not trespas ever had beene donne;
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII.

So soone as he the prison dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before; like as a beare,
That creeping close emongst the hives to reare
An honey-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away,
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne;
Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosy and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himselfe, himselfe loath'd, so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,
That as a snake still lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne or upward to the hight;
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemed no help for him was left in living sight:

LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring
 He was so wasted and forpined quight, [thought
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left but like an aery spright,
 That on the rocks he fell so flit and light,
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
 But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
 In drery darkenes, and continuall feare
 Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
 That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
 The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
 But todes and frogs (his pasture poysonous)
 Which in his cold complexion doe breed
 A filthy blood, or humor rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
 Cross-cuts the liver with eternall smart, [dart
 And doth transfixe the soule with Death's eternall

III.

ng
ught
at,

rall,
mall.

ously.

art,

[dart
eternal

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever (miserable swaine!)
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight,
Where he through privy grieve and horreur vaine
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

C iij

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
Findes Scudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where Love's spoylea are exprest.

I.

O HATEFULL hellish snake! what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosity! that turnest love divine
To ioylesse dread, and mark'st the loving hart
What hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itselfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweete Love! that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire Ladies! that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make:

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane (as earst ye red)
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off espyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
From whom the Squire of Dames was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankind,
So he surpassed his sex masculine
In beastly use all that I ever finde;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily pursuew,
She was emoved in her noble minde
T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace;
Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace,
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe,
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed t'escape his feared foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane whom he did feare,
But Britomart, the flowre of chastity,
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly;
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security:
The wood they enter, and search everie where;
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged Boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:
Still as she stood she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the virgin's hart of patience rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes,
He sayd, "O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hie,
"And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,
"How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
"So long unwreaked of thine enemy!
"Or hast thou, Lord! of good mens cause no heed?
"Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silently?
"What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
"If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousness no
meed?

X.

"If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
"Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
"Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
"On foot upon the face of living land?
"Or if that heavenly iustice may withstand
"The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
"Why then is Busirane, with wicked hand,
"Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den
"My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

"My lady and my love is cruelly pend
"In dolefull darkness from the vew of day,
"Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,
"And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway.
"All for she Scudamore will not denay;
"Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
"Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
"Unworthy wretch, to tread upon the ground,
"For whom so faire a lady feelles so sore a wound."

XII.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
 His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
 His foltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach;
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great ruth and terroure she was smit,
 Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would

XIII.

[flit.

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light,
 Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a straunger knight,
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 And downe againe himselfe disdainfully
 Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke;
 Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly:

XIV.

“ Ah, gentle Knight! whose deepe-conceivd griefe
 “ Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,
 “ Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
 “ You send, submit you to high Providence,
 “ And ever in your noble hart prepençe,
 “ That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
 “ Then vertue's might and value's confidence;
 “ For who nill bide the burden of distresse, [nesse.
 “ Must not here thinke to live, for life is wretched-

XV.

"Therefore, faire Sir! doe comfort to you take,
"And freely read what wicked felon so
"Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make:
"Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
"And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
"At least it faire endeavour will apply."

Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few words lett fly;

XVI.

"What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
"And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitless eare,
"Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
"Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
"Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
"For he the tyrant which her hath in ward, [leare,
"By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke
"Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
"And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her
XVII. [gard:

"There he tormenth her most terribly,
"And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
"Because to yield him love she doth deny,
"Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe;
"But yet by torture he would her constraine
"Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
"Till so she doe she must in doole remaine,
"Ne may by living meanes be thence relest;
"Whatbootes it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?"

XVIII.

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse,
 The warlike damzell was empassiond sore,
 And sayd, "Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
 "Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more;
 "For nothing so much pittie doth implore
 "As gentle ladyes helplesse misery;
 "But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 "I will with prooffe of last extremity
 "Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

XIX.

"Ah, gentlest Knight alive!" sayd Scudamore,
 "What huge heroicke magnanimity
 "Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
 "If she were thine, and thou as now am I? [more
 "O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
 "To better boot, but let me die that ought;
 "More is more losse; one is enough to dy."
 "Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
 "Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be

XX.

[sought.]

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise
 And with her wend, to see what new successe
 Mote him befall upon a new enterprise;
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered up, and did about him dresse,
 And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott

XXI.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare,
For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare;
And turning back to Scudamour, thus sayd;
"What monstrous enmity provoke we heare,
"Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
"Batteill against the gods? so we a God invade.

XXIII.

"Daunger without discretion to attempt
"Inglorious, beast-like is; therefore, Sir Knight,
"Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
"And how we with our foe may come to fight?"
"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despight
"Which earet to you I playnd; for neither may
"This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
"Ne yet by any faanes remov'd away, [stay.
"So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do

XXIV.

"What is there els but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 "And leave me to my former languishing?
 "Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
 "And Scudamore here die with sorrowing."
 "Perdy not so," saide shee, "for shamefull thing
 "Yt were t'abandon noble chevisaunce
 "For shewe of perill without venturing;
 "Rather let try extremities of chaunce
 "Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

XXV.

Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her sword's point directing forward, right
 Assayld the flame, the which estesoones gave place,
 And did itselfe divide with equall space,
 That through she passed, as a thonder-bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds, into sad showres ymolte;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way;
 But cruell Mulciber would not obay
 His threatfull pride but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful sore ;
The whiles the championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious

XXVIII.

[store :

For round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye ;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
It shewd itselfe, and shone unwillingly,
Like a discolourd snake, whose hidden snares,
Through the greene gras his long bright burnishtback

XXIX.

[declares.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraiets, and many a fairy feate,
And all of love and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat ;
And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeate,
And cruell battailes which he whilome fought
Against all the gods, to make his empire great,
Besides the huge massacres which he wrought
On mighty kings, and kesars intothrالدome brought.

D ij

XXX.

Therein was writt how often thondring Iove
 Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
 And leaving heaven's kingdome here did rove
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart;
 Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,
 Now like a bull Europa to withdraw;
 Ah! how the fearefull ladies tender hart
 Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas under her t'obay her servaunts law!

XXXI.

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew,
 And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
 The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
 Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
 And watcht that none should enter nor issew;
 Vain was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
 To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man!
 That her in daffadillies sleeping made
 From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade,
 Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde,
 And brushing his faire brest, did her invade;
 She slept, yet twixt her eie-lids closely spyde
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require
To see him in his soverayne maiestee,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire:
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire;
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twise was he seene in soaring eagle's shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre,
Once when he with Asterie did scape,
Againe whenas the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV.

In Satyre's shape Antiopa he snatcht,
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd;
A shepeheard when Mnemosynie he catcht,
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd: [playd,
Whyles thus on earth great Iove these pageaunts
The winged Boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd:
"Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone, [gone."
"And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to earth is

XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phœbus ! in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plunged, for dispiht
That thou bewray'dst his mother's wantonnesse
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse;
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lovd then was thy iust desart, [smart.
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinth,
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweet-breare;
For grieve whereof ye mote have lively seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever-greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent:
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame;
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And love a shepherd's daughter for his dearest dame

XXXIX.

He loved Isse for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fit;
Now like a lyon hunting after spoile,
Now like a hag, now like a faulcon flit;
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke;
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
Which foure great hippodames did draw, in teme-

XLI.

[wise tyde.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame,
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Neought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
 And Æolus' faire daughter, Arne hight,
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
 And fedd on fodder, to' beguile her sight:
 Also to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
 He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
 To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
 On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in the

XLIII.

[ayre.

Next Saturne was; but who would ever weene
 That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
 Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,
 As he did for Erigone it prove,
 That to a Centaure did himselfe transmove.
 So proov'd it eke that gracious god of Wine,
 When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes
 And gentle pangues with which he maketh meeke
 The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek
 For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
 Privily moystening his horrid cheeke:
 There was he painted full of burning dartes,
 And many wide woundes launched through his
 inner partes.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah ! why should he so ?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet-consuming woe
 Which he had wrought to many others moe.
 But to declare the mournfull tragedyes,
 And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More eath to number with how many eyes
 High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly the everyes.

XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort, [gent,
 And mingled with the raskall rablement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan Cupid's powre and great effort :
 And round about a border was entrayld
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,
 And a long bloody river through them rayld,
 So lively and so like, that living sence it fayld.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
 There was an altar built of pretious stone,
 Of passing vaiew and of great renowme,
 On which there stood an image all alone
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone ;
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
 More sondry colours then the proud pavone
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright, [bright.
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through heven

XLVIII.

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he shot at randon when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold.
 (Ah, Man! beware how thou those dartes behold.)
 A wounded dragon under him did ly,
 Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee;
 And all the people in that ample hous
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle idolatree.
 That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie
 But ever more and more upon it gazd, [dazd.
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses

L.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
 Over the dore thus written she did spy,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
 Yet could not find what sence it figured;
 But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
 She was no whit thereby discouraged
 From prosecuting of her first intent,
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

LI.

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd ;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold, it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies playd
In the rich metall as they living were ;
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare,
For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft ap.

LII.

[peare.

And all about the glistering walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decayes ;
Their swords and speres were broke, and hauberques
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes [rent,
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victor's might and merciless intent.

LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space ;
But more she marvaild that no footing's trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptiness,
And solemne silence over all that place :
Straunge thing it seem'd that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV.

And as she lookt about she did behold
 How over that same dore was likewise writ
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where *Be bold*,
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might in-

LV.

[tend.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare;
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes for feare
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,
 But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
 And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK III. CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber, are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I.

THO whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselvs did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would loose
The world's foundation from his center fixt,
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted,
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

Volume IV.

E

III.

All suddenly a stormy wirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore,
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered,

V.

The noble mayd still standing, all this vewd,
And mervell'd at his straunge intendiment:
With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes and rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent,
After whom marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI

The whiles a most delitious harmony
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble sences wholly did confound,
 And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd;
 And when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did bray,
 That their report did far away rebound;
 And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

VII.

The first was Fanny, like a lovely boy
 Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
 Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
 Whom Iove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same daintie lad which was so deare
 To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And every wood and every valley wyde,
 He fild with Hylas' name; the nymphes eke Hylas

VIII.

[cryde.

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
 But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
 Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare,
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
 That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

IX

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then the other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elder's syre,
And gave him being commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguysd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames

X.

[did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrink he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon

XI.

[he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horror to deforme his griesly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

XII.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre locks were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke shetwynd.

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face, [pace.
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury, matcht yfere;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd
In wilfull languor and consuming smart, [dart.
Dying each day with inward wounds of Dolour's

XVII.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there,
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety hath his right way lost.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauce glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad,
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
 An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
 Th' other in her's an hony-lady bee.
 Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
 Led of two gryslye villains, th' one Despight,
 The other cleped Cruelty by name:
 She, dolefull lady, like a drery spright
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
 Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearefull to living sight;
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
 Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was dispoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
 Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

XXI.

At that wyde orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd;
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraîne,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

XXII.

Next after her the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that else,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame, he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII.

Of which ful prowde, himselfe uprearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survey his goodly company,
And marshalling the evill-ordered trayne;
With that the darts, which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make;
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowred, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did
scould:

Reproch sharpest stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold;
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
Vile Poverty, and, lastly, Death with Infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe as there be phantasies
In wavering wemans witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell;
All which disguised, marcht in masking wise
About the chamber by the damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrise
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore straightway,
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all way;
Then the brave maid, which al this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not auaile, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprise:
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,
When that same maske againe should forth arise.
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men daily to their exercise,
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

XXIX.

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath blent;
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle shewes nor of false charmes aghast.

XXX.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
 Shee cast her eies, to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without,
 But lo! they streight were vanisht, all and some;
 Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
 Save that same wofull lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands:

XXXI.

And her before the vile enchaunter sate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art;
 With living blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to love:
 Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-

XXXII.

[move.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely running to that lady trew,
 A murtherous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought for villeinous dispiht
 In her tormented bodie to embrew;
 But the stout damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

XXXIII.

From her to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have slaine
 Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
 Dernly unto him called to abstaine
 From doing him to dy; for else her paine
 Should be remedillesse, sith none but hee
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe:
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee,
 For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see;

XXXV.

And to him said, "Thou wicked Man! whose meed
 " For so huge mischief and vile villany
 " Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
 " Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy;
 " But if that thou this dame doe presently
 " Restore unto her health and former state,
 " This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly."
 He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yeild himselfe, right willing to prolong his date.

XXXVI.

And rising up, gan streight to over-looke
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
 Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horreur gan the virgin's hart to perse,
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
 And all the while he red she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
 And all the dores to rattle round about;
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII.

The cruel steele, which thild her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
 And every part to safety full sownd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord;
 Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd;

Volume IV.

F

XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying, " Ah, noble Knight ! what worthy meede
 " Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
 " Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed ?
 " Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 " Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
 " Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
 " Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 " And goodly well aduance that goodly well was

XL.

[tryde."

But Britomart, upreering her from grownd,
 Said, " Gentle Dame ! reward enough, I weene,
 " For many labours more then I have found,
 " This, that in safetie now I have you scene,
 " And meane of your deliverance have beene :
 " Henceforth, faire Lady ! comfort to you take,
 " And put away remembrance of late teene ;
 " Insted thereof, know that your loving make
 " Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake."

XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentioned,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best :
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hond
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest :
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
 He bound that pitteous [lady] prisoner, now relest,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly, and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.
Thenceforth descending to that perlous porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched, quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entiers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now the fained-dreadful flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe:
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the victoresse arrived there,
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her owne trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore,
But more fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV.

But he (sad man!) when he had long in drede
 Awayted there for Britomart's returne,
 Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speede,
 His expectation to despaire did turne,
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne,
 And therefore gan advize with her old squire
 (Who her deare noursling's losse no lesse did mourne)
 Thence to depart for further aide to inquire;
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe re-
 spire.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV.

Contayning

The Legend of Cambel and Telamond, or of Friendship.

I.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affairs of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led
Through false allurements of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled, [fed.
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies

II.

Such ones ill iudge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live unisise.

III.

Which whoso list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne ;
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

IV.

To such, therefore, I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true love, enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene ;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene ;
To her this song most fitly is address, [blest.
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from heaven

V.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dred Infant! Venus' dearling dove,
From her high spirit chace imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove :
Insted thereof, with drops of melting love
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, & reade this lesson often.

V.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret :
Duesse discord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Then that of Amoret's hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel's unworthie paine ;
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit,
My softned heart so sorely doth constraîne,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day ;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay ;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love,
And eke the ladie selfe, he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknownen mischiefe did from him remove.

en.

III.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilst every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of Love which late was shoven,
And there the ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conveyed quite away, to living wight unknowen.

IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve;
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though Spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint
That each to other made, as oft befell;
For Amoret right fearfull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limb that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her
make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his iustly that all freely death:
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
Die had she lever with enchanter's knife,
Then to be false in love, profest a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd,
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
For many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to guesse;
For otherwhiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse, [excesse.
That much she feard his mind would grow to some

VIII.

His will she feard, for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed;
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor,
Made her not yeeld so much as due shee deemed;
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
 Unto a castel, lodged there to bee,
 Where many a knight and many a lovely dame
 Was then assembled deeds of armes to see;
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
 That many of them mov'd to eye her sore:
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
 Who being asked for his love, avow'd
 That fairest Amoret was his by right,
 And offred that to iustifie alowd.
 The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
 And boastfull chalenge, waxed inlie wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shrowd;
 And sayd her love to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
 But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
 And made repent that he had rashly lusted
 For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne;
 Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
 She, that no lease was courteous then stout,
 Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
 Were kept, and yet that knight not looked out;
 That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in
 dout.

XII.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right ;
 Whom she requir'd that first fayre Amoret
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
 That did her win and free from chalenge set ;
 Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
 Then since that strange knight's love from him was
 She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det, [quitted,
 He as a knight might iustly be admitted :
 So none should be out-shut, sith all of loves were

XIII.

[fitted.

With that her glistening helmet she unlaced,
 Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up-bound
 Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her backe and all her bodie wound ;
 Like as the shining skie in summer's night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
 Is creasted all with lines of fire light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

XIV.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And every one gan grow in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit :
 Some thought that some enchantment faygned it ;
 Some that Bellona, in that warlike wise,
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit ;
 Some that it was a maske of strange disguise :
 So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly over-commen her ador'd;
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance

XVI.

[theare.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And grievefull pittie, privately bemone.
The morrow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose, and to their waies them dight;
Long wandered they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his side
A ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wearie wise appeare.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could do'n so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours save the trew:
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was Até, mother of debate
And all dissention, which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publicke state,
And many a private oft doth over-throw:
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and

XX.

[nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve, farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enviroind round,
That none the same may easily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

Volume IV.

G

XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
 All which the sad effects of discord sung:
 There were rent robes and broken scepters plast,
 Altars defyld, and holy things defast,
 Dishevered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
 Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine;
 Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Iliou,
 For memorie of which on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three fair goddesses did strive;
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his princes five, [live:
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got a-

XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray
 The which amongst the Lapithees befell,
 And of the bloodie feast which sent away
 So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
 That under great Alcides' furie fell;
 And of the dreadfull discord which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
 That each of life sought others to deprive, [strive.
 All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which madethem

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall;
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all,
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and

XXV.

[greene.

Such was her house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sown all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes,
Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food,
For life it is to her when others starve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by internall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

G ij

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended :
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was

XXVIII. [guided.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumours and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report ;
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast ; that when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine ;
That one did reach, the other pusht away :
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay ;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay ;
For all her studie was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrow the things that Concord
wrought.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne;
For all this world's faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI.

Such was that hag which with Duessa roade,
And serving her in her malicious use
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse;
For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate, [mate.
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie,
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon (his conquest's part)
Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Paridell! for your desart,
"Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
"For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond;
Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answerd, "Sir, him wise I never held,
"That having once escaped perill neare,
"Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might
"I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
"Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
"Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I without your perill or your cost
"Will challenge yond same other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could
see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britonesse her soone adrest,
 And with such uncouth welcome did receave
 Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
 That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
 Himselfe he did of his new love deceave,
 And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie;
 Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
 And left him now as sad as whilome iollie, [lie.
 Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dal-

XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd,
 And finding him unable once to weld,
 They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayd,
 Till on his way they had him forth conveyd;
 And all the way with wondrous grieve of mynd
 And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
 More for the love which he had left behynd,
 Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good semblaunce to his companie,
 Dissembling his disease and evill plight,
 Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
 Whom whenas Blandamour approching nie,
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
 He was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
 To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
 The God of Love with wings displayed wide;
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by right;
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
 That through the bruises of his former fight
 He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake;
 "Faie Sir! of friendship let me now you pray,
 "That as I late adventured for your sake
 "The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
 "Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
 "And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
 "Ah! Sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
 "Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
 "As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the
 XLI. [right."

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed;
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meete:
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe under their horses feete, [weete.
 That what of them became, themselves did scarcely

XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage, and dashing on all sides,
That filleth ail the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes,
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long up-

XLIII.

[brayes :

Who rolled on an heape lay still in swound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle;
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle;
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
" False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
" And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
" A knight much better than thyselfe behight,
" Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
" This day to wreake the dammage by thee donne;
" Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
" Is weakned, then thou doest him over-ronne;
" So hast thou to thyselfe false honor often wonne."

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
 His mightie indignation did forbear; “
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part “
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare; “
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare “
 An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast “
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not passe so cleare, “
 But that it all the skie doth over-cast “
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to “

XLVI.

[wast.

“ Ah, gentle Knight !” then false Duessa sayd,
 “ Why do ye strive for ladies love so sore,
 “ Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
 “ Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore ?
 “ Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
 “ That she your love list love another knight,
 “ Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more,
 “ For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
 “ Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.”

XLVII.

So false Duessa; but vile Até thus;
 “ Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
 “ That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
 “ For her that each of you alike doth loth,
 “ And loves another, with whom now she goth
 “ In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes,
 “ Whilest both you here, with many a cursed oth,
 “ Swear she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
 “ To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the
 bayes.”

XLVIII.

"Vile Hag," sayd Scudamour, "why dost thou lye,
"And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame;"
"Fond Knight," sayd she, "the thing that with
this eye

"I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"

"Then tell," quoth Blandamour, "and feare no blame;

"Tell what thou saw'st, man! gre whose it heares."

"I saw," quoth she, "a stranger knight, whose

"I wote not well, but in his shield he beares [name

"(That well I wote) the heads of many broken

XLIX.

[speares;

"I saw him have your Amoret at will,

"I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,

"I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,

"All manie nights, and manie by in place

"That present were to testifie the case."

Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart

Was thril'd with inward grieve, as when in chace

The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,

The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard;

Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,

But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard

Of outrage for the words which she heard say,

Albee untrue she wist them by assay:

But Blandamour, whenas he did espie

His change of cheere that anguish did bewray,

He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,

And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI.

"Lo, Recreant!" sayd he, "the fruitlesse end
 "Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
 "Whereby the name of Knight-hood thou dost shend,
 "And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
 "All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
 "Fy, fy, false Knight!" then false Duessa cryde,
 "Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
 "Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,
 "Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde."

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
 Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine,
 But that in all those knights and ladies sight
 He for revenge had guiltlesse Glauce slaine;
 But being past, he thus began amaine;
 "False traitour Squire, false Squire of falsest knight,
 "Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
 "Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight?
 "Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might?

LIII.

"Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
 "Untrue to God, and unto man uniuist,
 "What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
 "That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
 "Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
 "Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
 "Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust:
 "Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
 "And with thy punishment his penance shalt
 supply."

LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged,
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred,
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare;
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last forbear.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell,
Paridell for her strives;
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this world to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blowen,
None but a god or godlike man can slake;
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them

II.

[make:

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive;
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III.

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathful knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought;
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought;
Both they unwise and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch and that foule aged drevill;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight,
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight;
It was to weet the bold Sir Ferrauigh hight,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome rest
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring west.

V.

Which whenas Blandamour (whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind,
After each beautie that appeard in sight)
Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust, that Reason's eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;
"Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
"Since so good fortune doth to you present
"So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

H ij

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall ;
“ Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine ;
“ This now be yours ; God send you better gaine.”
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed, as in disdaine,
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne,
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly over-borne.

VII.

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground a while in slomber lay,
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray ;
“ Lo, sluggish Knight, the victor's happie pray :
“ So fortune friends the bold.” Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peereless paragon ygot ;
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not ;
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, all things dooe
That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

IX.

She in regard thereof him recompens
 With golden words and goodly countenance,
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst;
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy looks tempring with loose dalliance;
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
 That having cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise, [most wise.
 And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd

X.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in woman's craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
 And by his false allurements wylie draft
 Had thousand women of their love beraft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd; for that false spright,
 Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtile slight,
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
 And dayly more deceived was thereby;
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
 As seeming plast in sole felicity;
 So blind is lust false colours to descry:
 But Até soone discovering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stirre up strife, twixt love, and spight, and ire,
 Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches;
 And ever when his passion is allayd
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches,
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

XIII.

" Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
 " The open wrong; thou doest me day by day;
 " Well know'st thou when we friendship first did
 swear,
 " The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
 " Should equally be shard betwixt us tway:
 " Where is my part, then, of this ladie bright,
 " Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
 " Render, therefore, therein to me my right,
 " Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
 And gan this bitter answer to him make;
 " Too foolish Paridell, that fayrest floure [take:
 " Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst
 " But not so easie will I her forsake;
 " This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."
 With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
 And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to have been over other's frend.

XV.

Their fire steedes with so untamed force
 Did beare them both to fell avenge's end,
 That both their speares with pitillesse remorse
 Through shield, and mayle, and haberieon, did wend,
 And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret
 Each other horse and man to ground did send;
 Where lying still awhile, both did forget [set.
 The perilous present stownd in which their lives were

XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
 With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Do meete together on the watry lea,
 They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
 That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse might
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
 As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that Florimell did seeme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mailles did rash, and hel-
 mes did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent,
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice, and so sore
Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for ladies most besfitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease,
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release; [move,
With which vaine termes so much they did them
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I weene) would fight untill this day,
Had not a squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate,
And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pitying their estate:

XXI.

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
 To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken ;
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
 Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken :
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them coniu'r'd by some well-knownen token,
 That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see :
 They said it was for love of Florimell.
 "Ah gentle Knights !" quoth he, "how may that bee
 "And she so farre astray, as none can tell ?
 "Fond Squire !" full angry then said Paridell,
 "Seest not the ladie there before thy face ?"
 He looked backe, and her advizing well,
 Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
 That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
 For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
 And lowly to her lowting thus behight ;
 "Fayrest of faire ! that fairenesse doest excell,
 "This happie day I have to greete you well,
 "In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
 "Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell :
 "Long may you live in health and happie state !"
 She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew ;
 “ And you, Sir Blandamour and Paridell,
 “ That for this ladie present in your vew
 “ Have rays’d this cruell warre and outrage fell,
 “ Certes me seemes bene not advised well,
 “ But rather ought in friendship for her sake
 “ To ioyne your force their forces to repell,
 “ That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
 “ And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to
 XXV. [make.]

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne,
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
 “ Aread, thou Squire ! that I the man may learne,
 “ That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take.”
 “ Not one,” quoth he, “ but many doe partake
 “ Herein, as thus : it lately so befell,
 “ That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
 “ Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell, [well.
 “ Which for her sake he wore, as him bescerned

XXVI.

“ But whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
 “ Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
 “ Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 “ That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
 “ And gan therefore close spight to him to beare ;
 “ Which he to shun, and stop vile Envies sting.
 “ Hath lately caus’d to be proclaim’d each where
 “ A solemne feast with publike turneyng, [bring :
 “ To which all knights with them their ladies are to

XXVII,

" And of them all she that is fayrest found
 " Shall have that golden girdle for reward ;
 " And of those knights who is most stout on ground,
 " Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard :
 " Since, therefore, she herselfe is now your ward,
 " To you that ornament of her's pertaines
 " Against all those that chalenge it to gard,
 " And save her honour with your ventrous paines,
 " That shall you win more glory then ye here find

XXVIII.

[gaines."

When they the reason of his words had hard,
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their loves regard
 The furious flames of malice to asswage :
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforh to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
 That challeng'd out in Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile,
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather ;
 Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyle,
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or evill end enure,
 For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake:
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete two ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

XXXI.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be; who viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest knights in Faery Lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest from ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound,
Tho now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.

XXXIII.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
 And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
 That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
 And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
 The which mote have enriched all us heare.
 O cursed Eld, the canker-worme of writs,
 How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
 Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
 Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little

XXXIV.

[bits ?

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit !
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
 And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
 That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
 And being dead, in vaine yet many strive :
 Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
 Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me survive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
 That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
 Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
 And every secret worke of Nature's wayes,
 In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
 In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds ;
 And, that augmented all her other prayse,
 She modest was in all her deedes and words, [lords.
 And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights and

XXXVI.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
 Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
 But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
 For dread of blame and honour's blemishment;
 And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
 That none of them once out of order went,
 But like to warie centonels well stay'd,
 Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refus'd to love,
 So much the more she loved was and sought,
 That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
 Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
 That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought;
 Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
 Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
 How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
 And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day when all that troupe of warlike wooers
 Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
 All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
 (The harder it to make them well agree)
 Amongst them all this end he did decree;
 That of them all which love to her did make,
 They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
 That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
 And of them all the victour should his sister take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament ;
But yet his sister's skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did

XL.

[bleed.

Well was that ring's great vertue knowen to all
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight ;
More wise they weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke ;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight
(Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren
Three bolder brethren never were yborne, [bold,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne ;
Thrise happie mother ! and thrise happie morne !
That bore three such, three such not to be fond ;
Her name was Agape, whose children werne
All three as one ; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

I ij

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horse-backe used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap;
And like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full blessed hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to
space.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good,
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three cham-

XLVI. [pions bold ;

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of man's state they grew ;
Then shewing forth signes of their father's blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew :
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage

XLVII. [stout.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the Three Fatall Sisters' house she went ;
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abyse,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Farre from the view of gods and heaven's bliss, [is.
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling

XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about,
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
 Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
 That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
 With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine :
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids

XLIX.

[so vaine!

She them saluting there by them sate still,
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span ;
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of comming she to tell began.
 To whom fierce Atropos ; “ Bold Fay ! that durst
 “ Come see the secret of the life of man,
 “ Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,
 “ And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst.”

L.

Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their utmost date
 To them ordained by eternall Fate ;
 Which Clotho graunting, shewed her the same ;
 That when she saw, it did her much amate
 To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame, [came.
 And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late;
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine, [divine
And sayd, "Fond Dame! that deem'st of things
"As of humane, that they may altred bee,
"And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:
"Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
"Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Iove himselfe

LII. [can free."

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each man's
"For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee, [life
"Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatal knife
"His line, which is the eldest of the three,
"Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
"Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
"And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
"That both their lives may likewise be annex
"Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext."

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And comming home, in warlike fresh aray,
Them found, all three according to their kynd;
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall,
Which much augmented all their other praise ;
And now t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they ioyned all ;
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
(Great matter growing of beginning small)
The which for length I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee;
Carbina, with true friendship's bond,
Doth their long strife agree.

I.

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathes gate?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine;
Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie;
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie, [nie.
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and

III.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight;
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:
That day (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soone as heaven's window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away,
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To vew and deeme the déedes of armes that day;
And on the other side, in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be scene, as his most worthie wage [gage.
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd

V.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist:
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd: [playd.
The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweetly

VI.

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet,
 Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth
 And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
 A trompet blew; they both together met,
 With dreadfull force and furious intent,
 Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
 As if that life to losse they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
 And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
 Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
 Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
 That hard it was to weene which harder were.
 Full many mightie strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
 But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
 That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
 Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disadvaunce;
 Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
 Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
 But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
 His haughtie courage to avengement fell: [to swell.
 Smart daunts, not mighty harts, but makes them more

IX.

With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field,
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and there.

X.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilst he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde, with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake;

XI.

“Lo! Faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
“The meede of thy mischallenge and abet;
“Not for thine owne, but for thy sister's sake,
“Have I thus long thy life unto thee let;
“But to forbear doth not forgive the det.”
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And passing forth with furious affret,
Pleret through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

XII.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
 The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
 Out of his head-peece, Cambell fiercely reft,
 And with such furie backe at him it heft,
 That making way unto his dearest life,
 His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft;
 Thence streames of purple blood issuing rife,
 Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

XIII.

His wearie ghost, assoyld from fleshly band,
 Did not, as others wont, directly fly
 Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
 But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
 Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren that survived,
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
 Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
 But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
 As in reversion of his brother's right,
 And chalenging the virgin as his dew;
 His foe was soone addrest; the trumpets freshly blew.

XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to deuoure,
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were like rotten wood asunder, [showre,
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.

As when two tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either sdeigns with other to partake;
So cruelly those knights strove for that ladies sake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe:
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way, [sway.
And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty

XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
 Where it was ment, so deadly it was ment,
 The soule had sure out of his body rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent;
 But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;
 For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent;
 Who missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot

XIX.

[did slyde.

As when a vulture, greedie of his pray,
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
 The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadfull souse avoydes, it shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend,
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
 Hefalleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

XX.

Which faire adventure, when Cambello spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
 From daunger's dread to ward his naked side,
 He can let drive at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he rest;
 The headlesse tronk, as heedlesse of that stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

K ij

XXI.

They which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse trunk to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For life's succession in those brethren three ;
For notwithstanding that one soule was rest,
Yet had the bodies not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft ;
But finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII.

It left ; but that same soule which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life and griefe ; which when he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele that close his hart-bloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest ;
Who him affronting, soone to fight was readie prest.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight ;
But had ye then him forth advauncing scene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him surely weene,
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in fight ;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winter's teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommer's might,
Casts off his ragged skin, and freshly doth him dight.

XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
 The which not onely did not from him let
 One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
 His weakened powers, and dulled spirits whet,
 Through working of the stone therein yset ;
 Else how could one of equall might with most,
 Against so many no lesse mightie met,
 Once thinke to match three such on equall cost ?
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie :
 He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
 And did his yron brond so fast applie,
 That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
 As fast as water-sprinkles against a rocke are dasht.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes ;
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
 Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent ;
 Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then afresh with new encouragement
 Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Floues up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives back the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse ;
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diuerse fortune doubtfull to be deemed :
Now this the better had, now had his fo ;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed ;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed :
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new
Still whenas he enfeebled was him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruyes guarisht ;
Like as a withered tree through husband's toyle
Is often scene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne a while,
As fresh as when it first was plantd in the soyle.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight ;
Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright ;
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeared,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe ; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward,
Till having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followed on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend ;
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battel's end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones his mightie hand
He heay'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand ;
Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw ;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard,
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-reard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound

XXXIV.

[appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie on Cabelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest ;
And sure had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest ;
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end ;
And iudges rose, and marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend,
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend :
All suddenly they both upstarte dight,
The one out of the swownd which did him blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne ;
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne ;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne ;
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres oft-times annoyes.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment ;
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace
One in a charet of straunge furniment
'Towards them driving like a storme out sent :
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold, and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

XXXIX.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their rider's hest, as seemed good ;
And therein sate a ladie passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other ;
Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which caus'd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould ;
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some that would seeme wise their wonder turnd
to doubt.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod which Maia's sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devizd by the gods for to asswage
Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd:
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assynd,
But such as drinck eternall happinesse do fynd.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Iove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drinke hereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those olde heroës hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.

XLV.

Much more of price, and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne ;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise ;
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice ?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her coach she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile,
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t'ap-

XLVII.

[peare.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight ;
Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine,
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deere did them beseeke.

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
 Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand,
 Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
 Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
 And they like men astonisht still did stand.
 Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
 And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
 Whereof full glad for thirst ech drunke an hartie

XLIX.

[draught:

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
 (Wonder it is that sudden change to see)
 Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
 They all gan shout alowd, that all the heaven rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacte beheld,
 In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
 To weet what sudden tidings was befeld;
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
 In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
 Which had so great dismay so well amended,
 And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
 Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Volume IV.

L

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere,
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose;
And wise Cambina taking by her side
Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII.

Where making ioyous feast, their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutual couplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lief:
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found
elswere.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment

For love of Florimell;

Britomart winnes the prize from all,

And Artegall doth quell.

I.

[T often fals (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell;
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends;
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded

II.

[seeds.

That well (me seemes) appears by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell;
Who having those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside:

III.

Who backe returning, told as he had-seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them, without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread or shame:
But Blandamour, full of vaine-glorious spright,
And rather stir'd by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, whereso he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface,
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t'avenge his usage base;
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore;
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

V.

But faire Cambina, with perswasions myld,
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were retoncyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode;
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent
(Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent)
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try:
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe address,
Him weening ere he nigh approacht, to have repress.

VII.

Which th' other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chaunce,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenance;
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side;
Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore had

VIII.

[eide.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost; wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprice, [spize.
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone de-

IX.

And said, "Sir Knight, sith ye this lady clame,
" Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
" (For so to lose a lady were great shame)
" Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight;
" And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
" Together with this hag beside her set,
" That whoso winnes her may her have by right;
" But he shall have the hag that is ybet,
" And with her alwaies ride till he another get."

X.

That offer pleased all the company;
So Floremell with Até forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily;
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight;
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

XI.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize,
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize;
And Até eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize:
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

XII.

But Cambel thus did shut up all in iest;
 " Brave knights and ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 " To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
 " That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
 " Against the turneiment, which is not long:
 " When whoso list to fight may fight his fill;
 " Till then your challenges ye may prolong,
 " And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 " Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

XIII.

They all agreed; so turning all to game
 And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way;
 And all that while, whereso they rode or came,
 That masked mock-knight was their sport and play:
 Till that at length upon th' appointed day,
 Unto the place of turneyment they came;
 Where they before them found in fresh aray
 Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame
 Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crew arriving, did divide
 Themselves asunder: Blandamour, with those
 Of his, on th' one; the rest on th' other side:
 But boastfull Braggadocchio rather chose
 For glorie vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone:
 The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one; [tone.
 The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt at-

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With perle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open view,
To be the prize of beautie and of might,
The which eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine;
Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band,
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field:
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the hold, who fiersly forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the other's force sustaine:
 As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their idle troneheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag or once to weld.

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
 He pricked forth in ayd of Satyrane,
 And him against Sir Blandamour did ride,
 With all the strength and stifnesse that he can:
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on an heape were tumbled horse and man;
 Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke did

XX.

Which Braggadocchio seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd;
 But Trizmond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest,
 For him likewise he quickly downe did smight;
 And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,
 And after him Sir Palimord forth prest;
 But none of them against his strokes could stand,
 But all the more, the more his praise increast;
 For either they were left upon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
 And looking round about, like one dismaid,
 Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray
 Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
 Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.

XXIII.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
 His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad,
 And as it fell his steed he ready found,
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
 Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
 There where he saw the valiant Triamond
 Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond;
 So dreadfull was his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
 And thereto all his power and might applide;
 The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,
 And having now Misfortune got for guide,
 Staid not, till it arrived in his side,
 And therein made a very griesly wound,
 That streames of blood his armour all bedide:
 Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,
 That scarce he him upheld from falling in a sownd.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
 Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine;
 Then gan the part of challengers anew
 To range the field, and victor-like to raine,
 That none against them battell durst maintaine.
 By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,
 And trumpets sound to cease did them compell;
 So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy Satyrane
 Appear'd in place with all his noble crew:
 On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
 Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine;
 But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
 Unable he new battell to daraine
 Through grievance of his late received wound,
 That doubly did him grieve, when so himselfe he
 found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name,
And purchase honour in his friend's behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame;
The sheild and armes well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight,
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight, [fight.
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity,
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground,
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t'avenge his friend's indignity:
A mighty speare eftsoones at him he bent,
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up againe themselves gan lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake,
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake:
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take;
As two wild boares together grapling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

XXX.

So as they courst, and tourneyd here and theare,
 It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last, [feare,
 Whether through foundring or through sodein
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
 Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
 That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
 So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
 That forced him to leave his loftie sell, [felt.
 And rudely tumbling downe, under his horse-feete

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
 For to have rent his shield and armes away,
 That whylome wont to be the victor's meed;
 When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
 Of many swords, that lode on him did lay;
 An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him prisoner where he stood on

XXXII.

[ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
 But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
 And with his brond-iron round about him layd,
 Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
 Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
 Into the hunter's toile, doth rage and rore,
 In royall heart disdainig to be thrall:
 But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
 They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

XXXIII

Whereof, when newes to Triamond was brought,
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up, streight for his armour sought :
In vaine he sought, for there he found it not ;
Cambello it away before had got :
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot :
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

XXXIV

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale ; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene,
Like captive thral two other knights atweene ;
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they which lead him soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes ;
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes :

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friend's late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight ;
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse ; [force.
So did these two through all the field their foes en-

XXXVI.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best;
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t'advance the other's gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd;
So that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
Assembled were, their deedes of armes to shew:
Full many deedes that day were showed plaine:
But Satyrane bowe all the other crew
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowne,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen,
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne;
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Mij

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other side
 A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
 In queint disguise, full hard to be describe;
 For all his armour was like salvage weed
 With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
 For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
 His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

XL.

He at his first in-comming charg'd his spere
 At him that first appeared in his sight,
 That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
 Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,
 Approved oft in many a perlous fight;
 Him at the first encounter downe he smote
 And over-bore beyond his crouper quight;
 And after him another knight that hote
 Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.

XLI.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
 Seven knights one after other as they came;
 And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
 Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
 And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
 That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
 No lesse then Death itselfe in daungerous affright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
 That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
 And each of other gan inquire his name:
 But when they could not learne it by no wize,
 Most answerable to his wyld disguise,
 It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
 But certes his right name was otherwize,
 Tho knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
 The doughtie knight that liv'd that day, and most of

XLIII.

[might.

Thus was Sir Satyrane, with all his band,
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout,
 Dismayd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about:
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening, that the sunne gan downward bend;
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend;
 So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.,

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At Arthegall, in midst of his pryde,
 And therewith amote him on his umbriere
 So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
 Over his horse's taile above a stryde,
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe;
 Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine,
 But shortly was likewise scene lying on the plaine.

M iij

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his freend;
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend:
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore,
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran,
But all of them likewise dismounted were;
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

XLVII.

Like as in sommer's day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
 The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
 Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
 The prayse of prowesse from them all away:
 Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
 And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
 To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle:
 Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhile.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle stryve
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Care's house,
Doth Sleepe from him expell.

I.

IT hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proove of prowesse ended well,
The controverse of beauties soveraine grace,
In which to her that doth the most excell
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chāst love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus' girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she usd to live in wively sort;
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her love's first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine,
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The God of Warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre,
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play:
There Florimell in her first age's flowre
Was fostered by those Graces (as they say),
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt
away.

VI.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare;
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same,
 So many ladies sought, as shall appeare,
 For pearlesse she was thought that did it beare.
 And now by this their feast all being ended,
 The iudges which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field adowne descended,
 To decerne this doubtfull case, for which they all

VII.

[contended.]

But first was question made, which of those knights
 That lately turneyd had the wager wonne?
 There was it iudged by those worthie wights,
 That Satyrane the first day best had donne,
 For he last ended, having first begonne.
 The second was to Triamond behight,
 For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne;
 For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

VIII.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene Speare,
 To Britomart was given by good right;
 For that with puissaunt stroke she downe did beare
 The Salvage knight that victour was whileare,
 And all the rest which had the best afore,
 And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
 For last is deemed best: to her, therefore,
 The fayrest ladie was adiudged for paramore.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victor's meede,
And eke of honour, she did him forestall :
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
But inly thought of that despitefull deede,
Fit time t'wait avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

X.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina, covered with a veale,
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale,
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

XI.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
As diverse wits affected divers beene :
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene ;
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

XII.

All which whoso dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face ;
For since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place ; ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict Beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see as here he might have sought.

XIII.

At last the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew,
Whose face discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
'Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display, [may.
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dis-

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phoebe's light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw, with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestially shape that flesh did beare ;
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

XV.

ught.

As guilefull goldsmith, that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed,
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew ;
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe : so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI.

w
may.
dis-

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame ;
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became ;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame ;
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame :
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd :

XVII.

hee.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came ;
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same ;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

XVIII.

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to iest ;
“ Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
“ As like cannot be seene from east to west,
“ Cannot find one this girdle to invest !
“ Fie on the man that did it first invent,
“ To shame us all with this *ungirt unblest* !
“ Let never ladie to his love assent,
“ That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.”

XIX.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre ;
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdle's powre ;
And having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let :
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie ;
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie :

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit ;
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that iudged it,
And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the hebene speare, as wonne in fight :
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesseesteem'd then th' others vertuous govern-
ment.

XXI.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her ;
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse :
But after that the iudges did arret her
Unto the second best, that lov'd her better,
That was the Salvage knight ; but he was gone,
In great displeasure that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged Triamond his one ;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed ;
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed.
To single combat with Sir Satyrane ;
Thereto him Até stird, new discord to maintaine.

XXIII.

And eke with these full many other knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense,
Stept Braggadocchio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd by him in battell wonne long sens ;
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call ;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran ;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour ;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan ;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifefull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine ;
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine ;
Ne iudges powre, ne reason's rule mote them restraine.

XXV.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd :
First, in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse ;
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse :
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed ; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the middest plast among them all :
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of Beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chafte and rag'd,
And woxe nigh mad for very hart's despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight;
But he nought car'd for all that they could say,
For he their words as wind esteemed light;
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit, how each one did succede,
Shall else be told in order as it fell;
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide,
But taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unluckie mayd to seeke her enemye!
Unluckie mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
She thro' his late disguizement could him not descrie!

XXX.

So much the more her grieve the more her toyle ;
Yet neither toyle nor grieve she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle ;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care ;
Who likewise sought her lover long miswcnt,
The gentle Scudamour, whose hart whileare
That stryfe full hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent :

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Até kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say ;
For aye the more that she the same reherst
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre,
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore man's nest.

XXXIII.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke,
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke ;
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around, [ground.
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent,
Who was to weete a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent :
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent,
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared ;
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared :
His name was Care ; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made :
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
 About the andvile standing evermore
 With huge great hammers, that did never rest
 From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore;
 All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed:
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last the first did farre exceed.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
 Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
 The which in Lipari doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for Iove's avengefull threate:
 So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive;
 So huge his hammer, and so fierce his beat,
 That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
 And having long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
 For they for nought would from their worke refrain
 Ne let his speeches come unto their eare,
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
 Like to the northerne winde, that none could heare.
 Those Pensifenesse did move, and sighes the bellow
 weare.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest :
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest,
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamour, long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heaue eyes would close,
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose,
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe ;
But wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine : [vaine.
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing

XLI.

And evermore when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest ;
And evermore when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle,
About the house at scent of stranger guest ;
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owley
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

XLII.

And if by fortune any litle nap
 Upon his heaue eye-lids chaunst to fall,
 Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
 Upon his head-peece with his yron mall,
 That he was soone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started up as one affrayd,
 Or as if one him suddenly did call :
 So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII.

So long he mused, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
 With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
 Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
 That all his senses did full soone arrest ;
 Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan busily molest,
 And made him dreame those two disloyall were :
 The things that day most minds at night doe most

XLIV

[appeare]

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
 A pair of red-whor yron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
 Under his side him nipt, that forst to wake,
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
 And started up avenged for to be
 On him the which his quiet slumber brake ;
 Yet looking round about him none could see ; [flee.
 Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did

XLV.

such disquiet and hart-fretting payne,
 all that night, that too long night did passe:
 and now the day out of the ocean mayne
 began to peepe above this earthly masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse;
 When up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
 And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous
 dread.

XLVI.

into his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 and forth upon his former voiage fared,
 and with him eke that aged squire attone,
 Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines and equall perill shared;
 The end whereof, and daungerous event,
 All for another Canticke be spared;
 At here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
 All breath itselfe a while after so long a went.

[flee.
 he did

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart;
He sees her face, doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
• What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladic impart?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
For which Dan Phœbus selfe cannot a salve provide

II.

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descrie,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous
deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gap abase,
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;
"Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
"I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
"That almost had agsinst you trespassed this day."

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small harme it were
"For any knight upon a ventrous knight
"Without displeasance for to prove his spere:
"But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
"What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse
"Me from discovering you my name aright;
"For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
"But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

V.

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he,
areede;
"Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
"(That seemeth well to answer to your weede)
"Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
"That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne."
"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight
"Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
"On whom I waite to wreake that foul despight,
"Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

VI.

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth
 "But what is he by whom ye shamed were?" [shame:
 "A straunger knight," said he, "unknowne by
 name,
 "But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare,
 "With which he all that met him downe did beare.
 "He in an open turney, lately held,
 "Fro me the honour of that game did reare,
 "And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
 "The fayrest ladie reft, and ever since withheld."

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well that it was Britomart;
 The which from him his fairest love did beare:
 Tho gan he swell in every inner part
 For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart;
 That thus he sharply said; "Now by my head,
 "Yet is not this the first unknightly part" [read,
 "Which that same knight, whom by his launce I
 "Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him

VIII.

[dread

"For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
 "And eke defiled with foule villanie
 "The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
 "In shame of knighthood and fidelitie,
 "The which ere long full deare he shall abie;
 "And if to that avenge by you decreed
 "This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
 "It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need."
 So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
 Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray;
 Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine des-
 To be the same for whom they did abyde. [cryde
 Sayd then Sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
 "Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
 "That first I may that wrong to him requite;
 "And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran;
 Who soone as she him saw approching neare
 With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him well as she can;
 But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did devise.

XI.

But Artegall beholding his mischaunce,
 New matter added to his former fire,
 And eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
 Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require;
 But to himselfe his felonous intent
 Returning, disappointed his desire,
 Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stownd,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayed,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no

XIII. [armes avayled.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairly blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horse's hinder parts it fell,
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falls on some steeple hie,
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance;
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke,
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas;
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras,
That all his mayle yriv'd and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length whenas he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
Hethrough long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart!
That workst such wrecke on her to-whom thou dear-

XVII.

[rest art.]

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so fayre a creature;
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischief framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives
end.

O iij

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 Sometimes pursewing and sometimes pursewed,
 Still as advantage they espyde thereto;
 But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
 His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
 At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on high,
 Having his forces all in one accrewed,
 And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
 That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
 And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
 Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
 Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that her angel's face, unseene afore,
 Like to the ruddie Morne appear'd in sight,
 Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore;
 But somewhat redder than bescem'd aright, [fight:
 Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary

XX.

And round about the same her yellow heare,
 Having through stirring loosed their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appeare,
 Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand;
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
 For it did glister like the golden sand,
 The which Pactolus with his waters shere
 Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme, benumbed with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence,
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee,
And pardon her besought his error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree;
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to

XXIII.

[quayle.

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die:
But die or live, for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

XXIV.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine describe
That peerelesse paterne of Dame Nature's pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrifide;
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere;
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle;
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce awhile;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they

XXVI.

[were.

When Britomart, with sharpe avizefull eye,
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her father's hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw, [draw.
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold;
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would

XXVIII. [have missayd.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake; " Certes, Sir Artegall,
" I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
" And now become to live a ladies thrall, [all."
" That whylome in your minde wont to despise them

XXIX.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
To succour it themselves gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit ;[brought
 “ Ye gentle Knights ! whom Fortune here hath
 “ To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
 “ Which secret Fate hath in this ladie wrought
 “ Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought,
 “ Ne thenceforth feare the thing that bethertoo
 “ Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
 “ Fearing least she your loves away should woo,
 “ Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants

XXXI.

[theretoo.

“ And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
 “ Henceforth may not disdaine, that woman’s hand
 “ Hath conquered you anew in second fight ;
 “ For whylome they have conquered sea and land,
 “ And heaven itselfe, that nought may them with-
 “ Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love, [stand
 “ That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 “ Of noble minds derived from above,
 “ Which being knit with vertue never will remove.

XXXII.

“ And you, faire Ladie Knight ! my dearest dame,
 “ Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 “ Whose fire were better turn’d to other flame,
 “ And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 “ Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
 “ The penance which ye shall to him empart ;
 “ For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.”
 Thereat full inly blushed Britomart ;
 But Artegall, close-smyling, ioy’d in secret hart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides, her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave and full of princeley aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would

XXXIV.

[restraine.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope, hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; "But, Sir, without offence
"Mote I request you tydings of my love,
"My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence,
"Where she captived long great woes did prove,
"That were ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, Sir knight,
"What is of her become, or whether rest,
"I cannot unto you aread aright;
"For from that time I from enchaunter's theft
"Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
"I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
"And evermore from villenie her kept;
"Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
"Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

XXXVI.

" Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
 " We travelled, both wearie of the way,
 " We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
 " Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay;
 " But whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
 " I found her not where I her left whyleare,
 " But thought she wandred was, or gone astray;
 " I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
 " But no where could her find, nor tydings of her

XXXVII.

[heare."

When Scudamour those heauie tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
 Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare;
 Till Glauce thus: " Faire Sir! be nought dismayd
 " With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare,
 " For yet she may be safe, though somewhat strayd:
 " Its best to hope the best, though of the worst af-

XXXVIII.

[frayd."

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
 Shew'd change of better cheare; so sore a breach
 That sudden newes had made into his spright,
 Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
 " Great cause of sorrow, certes, Sir, ye have;
 " But comfort take; for by this heaven's light
 " I vow you dead or living not to leave, [reave."
 " Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
All being guided by Sir Artegall;
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with mariage might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound,
And unto her his congé came to take;
But her there-with full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert;
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algages him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
 Of this or that the time for to delay,
 And of the perills whereto he was bound,
 The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
 But all she did was but to weare out day.
 Full oftentimes she leave of him did take,
 And eft againe deviz'd somewhat to say
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
 So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion fayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortune's government,
 And backe returned with right heavie mind
 To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
 With whom she went to seek faire Amoret,
 Her second care, though in another kind;
 For vertue's onely sake, which doth beget
 True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
 Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
 There they her sought, and every where inquired
 Where they might tydings get of her estate;
 Yet found they none: but by what haplesse fate,
 Or hard misfortune, she was thence conveyd,
 And stolne away from her beloved mate,
 Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
 Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VII.

Amoret rap^d by greedie Lust,

Belphoebe saves from dread:

The Squire her loves, and being blam'd,

His daies in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT God of Love! that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Keasars, to thy service bound,
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou lancedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more!

II.

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
And so and so to noble Britomart;
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile:
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground;
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping

V.

[sound.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore;
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts, and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, down hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow;
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud,
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus'

VII.

[flood.]

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment scene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire, for steele to be in sted:
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave, farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
nought fearing.

IX.

For she (deare ladie !) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore ; but when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into grieve, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt :
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horror where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond,
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide ;
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine ?
To whom thus aunswer'd was ; " Ah, wretched
wight !

" That seekes to know another's grieve in vaine,
" Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight :
" Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight."

XI.

" Aye me !" said she, " where am I, or with whom,
" Emong the living, or emong the dead ?
" What shall of me, unhappy maid ! become ?
" Shall death beth' end, or ought else worse, aread ?"
" Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, " whose dread
" Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try ;
" Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
" Both grace and gaine ; but he in hell doth lie
" That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII.

“ This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
“ And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
“ Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
“ The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive;
“ For on the spoile of women he doth live,
“ Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre
“ He may them catch, unable to gaine-strive,
“ He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
“ And afterwardees themselves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII.

“ Now twenty daies (by which the sonnes of men
“ Divide their workes) have past through heven
 sheene,
“ Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
“ During which space these sory eies have seen
“ Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene;
“ And now no more for him but I alone,
“ And this old woman here remaining beene,
“ Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone,
“ And of us three to-morrow he will sure eate one.”

XIV.

“ Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,”
Quoth she, “ of all that ever hath beene knowen!
“ Full many great calamities and rare
“ This feeble brest endured hath, but none
“ Equall to this, whereever I have gone:
“ But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
“ Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?”
“ To tell,” quoth she, “ that which ye, see needs not
“ A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot

XV.

" But what I was it irkes me to rehearse,
" Daughter unto a lord of high degree,
" That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse,
" With guilefull Love, did secretly agree
" To overthrow my state and dignitie.
" It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
" Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
" Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
" By any ladies side for leman to have laine.

XVI.

" But for his meannesse and disparagement,
" My sire, who me too dearly well did love,
" Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
" But often did my folly fowle reprove:
" Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
" But whether will'd or nill'd, friend or foe,
" I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
" And rather then my love abandon so,
" Both sire and friends, and all for ever, to forgo.

XVII.

" Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
" Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
" To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
" Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
" So on a day unweeting unto wight,
" I with that squire agree'de away to flit,
" And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
" Within a grove appointed him to meete;
" To which I boldly came upon my feeble foete.

XVIII.

" But ah ! unhappy houre me thither brought,
 " For in that place where I him thought to find,
 " There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 " Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
 " The shame of men, and plague of womankind ;
 " Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
 " Me hether brought with him as swifte as wind,
 " Where yet untouched till this present day,
 " I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Aemylia."

XIX.

" Ah ! sad Aemylia," then sayd Amoret,
 " Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne ;
 " But read to me by what devise or wit
 " Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
 " Thine honour sav'd, tho' into thraldome throwne."
 " Thro' helpe," quoth she, " of this old woman here
 " I have so done, as she to me hath showne ;
 " For ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 " She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone,
 Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes source,
 Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And spreading over all the flore alone,
 Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne, [ginne.
 Which ended, then his bloudy banquet should be-

XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghastly gelt, whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horreur of his shamefull villany;
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie;
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feels the thorns and thickets pricke her tender

XXII.

[toes.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale, she staies,
But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her fear a spur to hast her flight;
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian nimphes in salvage chace.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares,
The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
 That each of them from other sundred were,
 And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
 Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
 Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
 And now he her quite overtaken had,
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad; [rad.
 That by his grenning laughter mote farre off he

XXV.

Which drery sight the gentle squire espying,
 Doth hast to cross him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
 And him assailes with all the might he may;
 Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand
 Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray;
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
 For ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,
 He held the lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puissaunce of his intended stroke;
 And if it chaunst (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear ;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her most hurt, or hazard neare :
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare ;
A streame of cole-blacke blood thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save ;
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there ;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to

XXIX.

[beare.]

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in that forest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her care her guide ;
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide,
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dremment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde;
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mother's great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobe's unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him over-caught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory blood was fild.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle,
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft;
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And eft admir'd his monstrous shape, and eft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy blood
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine
flood.

XXXIII.

Thenceforth she past into this dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horreur of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Aemylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the hag, there with her mewd,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare;
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the other's heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle squire with Amoret;
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Qij

XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thild
With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild;
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore;
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
“Is this the faith?”—she said, and said no more;
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast; but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe;
And evermore when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heavy case;
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more ;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight ;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew,
And his faire lockes, that wont with oinment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed,
That in short time his face they over-grew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uncath was to be red.

XLI.

There he continued in his carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appears ;
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast, [last.
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at

XLII.

For on a day, by Fortune as it fell,
 His own deare lord, Prince Arthure, came that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
 And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
 Having espide his cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne,
 Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinfull people shonne,
 Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorch-

XLIII. [ing sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All over-grown with rude and rugged haire;
 That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had scene no where,
 Saluting him, gan into speech to fall, [thrall].
 And pittty much his plight, that liv'd like out-cast

XLIV.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with griefe and anguishe over-cum,
 And unto every thing did aunswere—Mum;
 And ever when the prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse,
 Which he observ'd by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene;

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had,
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHOEBE rightly rad;
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist,
 Yet saw he often how he waxed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him chaunge his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe;
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will defer the end untill another tide.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace;
Sclaunder her guests doth staine;
Corlambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I.

WELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne look so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad,
And pensive sorrow, pind and wore away;
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and
decay.

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove;
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name;
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast, unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tigris and of beares

V.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of perill, to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare;
And every day for guerdon of her song
He part of his small feast to her would share,
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relicks did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew;
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtle's necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind;
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long did marke which way she

VIII.

[straid.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care:
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile, which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet :
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did pertake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with colour'd ribbands drest ;
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away,
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay ;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

And ever when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove ;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away,
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay :
In th' end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

XII.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
 As if she would have made him understand
 His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd;
 Whom when she saw in wretched woods disguiz'd,
 Whith heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
 Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
 She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
 And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding at her feet downe fell,
 And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And wasint the same with water, which did well
 From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed;
 Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
 But as one daunted with her presence dread,
 Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
 But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
 And by his person's secret seemlyhed,
 Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
 Before misfortune did his hew deface:
 That being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake;
 " Ah! wofull Man! what heavens hard disgrace,
 " Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
 " Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched
 make ?

XV.

" If Heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
" Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne;
" If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
" Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne;
" But if through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
" Of life it be, then better doe advise;
" For he whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
" The grace of his Creator doth despise, [dise."
" That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigar-

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
" Then have they all themselves against me bent;
" For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
" Envyng my too great felicity,
" Did closely with a cruell one consent
" To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
" And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

XVII.

" Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred! [wight
" Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
" Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred;
" That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
" Ye may redresse, and me restore to light."
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of Fortune's chaunge or Envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his own deare lord
The noble prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford ;
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him describe :

XIX.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,
Aemylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate,
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found ;
The other almost dead and desperate [wound
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
With which the squire in her defence her sore astound.

XX.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those ladies lay ;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soonc
anew.

XXI.

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide
Of that same wicked carle, by virgin's hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond;
At which he wondred much when all those signes he

XXII.

[fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire
Where was her won, and how he mote her find?
But whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
(No service loathsome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

XXIII.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell,
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

R ij

XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse,
 For she was stufte with rancour and despight
 Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would breake and gushe in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe,
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall, [call,
 And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunder

XXV.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltlesse personis may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name;
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne ever thing so well was doene alive, [deprive,
 But she with blame would blot, and of dew praise

XXVI.

Her words were not, as common words are meent,
 T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind;
 But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; [hart,
 Which passing through the eares, would pierce the
 And wound the soule itselfe with grieve unkind;
 For like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the
 inner part,

XXVII.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest princes' court would welcome fayne,
 But neede (that answers not to all requests)
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
 And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening (welcomed with cold
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefyll discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent:
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde,
 To be uniuistly blamd, and bitterly revilde.

XXIX.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
 With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
 Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light,
 For thus conversing with this noble knight,
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
 And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare;
 More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant
 lare.

XXX.

But antique Age yet in the infancie
Of Time did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment ;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for itselfe in soveraine awe ;
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdrawe.

XXXI.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcon's side,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride ;
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatour's owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight ;
Then faire grew foule, and foule grewe faire in sight,
And that which went to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victor's might ;
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
Despised and troden downe of all that over-ran :

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
 In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
 Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

XXXIV.

The soone as day discovered heaven's face
 To sinfull men with darknes over-dight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
 How all the way the prince on foot-pace traced,
 The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

XXXV.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 Him calling theefe, them whores, that much did vex
 His noble hart; thereto she did annexe
 False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe;
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

XXXVI.

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew, [grew.
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tong's end

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faيرة Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heauię armęs, which sore annoyd
The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare; [care.
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his

XXXVIII.

At length they spide where towards them with speed
A squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a little dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie;
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew, [vew.
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to

XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay :
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venom doth convey
Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine, in his avengefull ire ;
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew :
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine,
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead,
Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine ;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread :
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe ! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke repress :

XLII.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Over his head before the harme came neare :
 Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
 And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering reare ;
 Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse

XLIII. [swowne.

Whereat the prince fell wrath, his strong right hand
 In full avengement heaved up on hie,
 And stroke the pagan with his steely brand
 So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie :
 And sure had not his massie yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would have cleft him to the girding place ;
 Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
 With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
 That seemed nought the suse thereof could beare,
 And therewith smote at him with all his might ;
 But ere that it to him approached neare,
 The royall child, with readie quick foresight
 Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously, that ere he wist he found
His head before him tombling on the ground,
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine;
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire?
All which was thus to him declared by that squire:

XLVII.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have
"Of an huge geauntesse whylome was bred, [slaine,
"And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
"Of many nations into thraldome led,
"And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
"Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
"Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
"But by the powre of his infectious sight,
"With which he killed all that came within his might.

XLVIII.

" Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 " But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought ;
 " Ne was there man sô strong, but he downe bore ;
 " Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 " Unto his bay, and captived her thought ;
 " For most of strength and beautie his desire
 " Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
 " By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 " From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

XLIX.

" Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
 " Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
 " Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 " The faire Poëana, who seemes outwardly
 " So faire as ever yet saw living eie ;
 " And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 " She were as faire as any under skie ;
 " But ah ! she given is to vaine delight,
 " And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L.

" So as it fell, there was a gentle squire
 " That lov'd a lady of high parentage,
 " But for his meane degree might not aspire
 " To match so high ; her friends with counsell sagt
 " Dissuaded her from such a disparage ;
 " But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
 " Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 " But firmly following her first intent,
 " Resolv'd with him to wend gainst all her friends
 consent.

LI.

" So twixt themselves they pointed time and place ;
" To which when he according did repaire,
" An hard mishap and diadventrous case
" Him chaunst; instead of his Aemylia faire,
" This gyant's sonne, that lies there on the laire
" An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,
" And all dismayd through mercillesse despaire,
" Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon brought,
" Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and un-

LII.

[sought.

" This gyant's daughter came upon a day
" Unto the prison in her ioyous glee,
" To view the thralls which there in bondage lay ;
" Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
" This lovely swaine, the Squire of Low Degree,
" To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
" And wooed him her paramour to bee ;
" From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
" And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII.

" He, though affide unto a former love,
" To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
" Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
" But by that meanes which Fortune did unfold,
" Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
" To win her grace his libertie to get ;
" Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
" Fearing least if she should him freely set,
" He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV.

“ Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
“ Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
“ And walke about her gardens of delight,
“ Having a keeper still with him in place ;
“ Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,
“ To whom the keyes of every prison-dore
“ By her committed be of speciall grace,
“ And at his will may whom he list restore,
“ And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.

LV.

“ Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
“ (Full inly sorie for the fervent zeale
“ Which I to him as to my soul did beare)
“ I thether went, where I did long conceale
“ Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
“ And told his dame her Squire of Low Degree
“ Did secretly out of her prison steale :
“ For me he did mistake that squire to bee ;
“ For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.

“ That was I taken and before her brought,
“ Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
“ Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
“ Gan blame me much for being so untrew
“ To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
“ That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive :
“ Thence she commanded me to prison new ;
“ Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
“ But suffred that same dwarfe me to her donge
drive.

LVII.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
" In heavy plight and sad perplexitie,
" Whereof I sorrie, yet myselfe did bend
" Him to recomfort with my companie;
" But him the more agreev'd I found thereby;
" For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse,
" Was mine and his Aemylia's libertie:
" Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
" Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII.

" But I with better reason him aviz'd, [thought
" And shew'd him how through error and mis-
" Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
" Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought:
" Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
" Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
" Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
" Till Fortune did perforce it so decree;
" Yet over-ruld at last he did to me agree.

LIX.

" The morrow next about the wonted howre,
" The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
" To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre;
" Instead of whom forth came I Placidus,
" And undiscerned forth with him did pas:
" There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee
" Of faire Poëana I received was,
" And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee, [mee.
" And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to

LX.

" Which I, that was not bent to former love,
 " As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
 " Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 " And to the present neede it wisely usd ;
 " My former hardnesse first I faire excusd,
 " And after promist large amends to make.
 " With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
 " To my friend's good more then for mine owne sake,
 " For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI.

" Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand ;
 " That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
 " She bad to lighten my too heauey band,
 " And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
 " So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
 " Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,
 " Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
 " But if that dwarfe I could with me conuay,
 " I lightly snatcht him up, and with me bore away.

LXII.

" Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 " The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 " And me pursew'd ; but nathemore would I
 " Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 " But have perforce him hether brought away."
 Thus as they talked, loe ! where nigh at hand
 Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
 In presence came, desirous t' understand
 Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII.

Where soone as sad Aemylia did espie
Her captive lover's friend, young Placidus,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding, said, "And lives yet Amyas?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and his Aemylia loves."
"Then lesse," said he, "all the woe I pas,
"With which my weaker patience Fortune proves;
"But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe re-

LXIV. [moves?"]

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie:
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by this event.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO IX.

The Squire of Low Degree releas
Poena takes to wife;
Britomart fightes with many Knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weete,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet;
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind:

II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame:
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame,
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe, [brasse.
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest

III.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which this squire's true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine;
For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdain
For his friend's sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

IV.

Now after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrant's tronke he reard from ground,
And having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found,

V.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approached neare:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the prince ensuing, in together far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The prince half rapt began on her to dote,
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide;
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the squire up-staide,
She weened well that then she was betraide;
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held:
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore;
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore;
Amongst the rest that Squire of Low Degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to
bee.

IX.

Whom soon as faire Aemylia beheld
 And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
 That faire Poena them beholding both,
 Gan both envy and bitterly to ban,
 Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were

X.

[loth.

But when awhile they had together beene,
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had seene
 Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their face;
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

XI.

And eke the prince, whenas he them avized,
 Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
 And mazd how Nature had so well disguised
 Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
 As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
 She had them made a paragone to be;
 Or whether it through skill or errour were:
 Thus gazing long at them much wondred he, [see.
 So did the other knights and squires which him did

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure;
Upon all which the Briton prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toile,
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

XIII.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,
The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke, nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenance nor pleasaunt glee,
But grieved was for losse both of her sire
And eke of lordship, with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with grieve entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

XIV.

But her the prince through his well-wonted grace
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface,
And that same bitter cor'sive which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat;
He with good thewes and speeches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat,
For though she were most faire and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him lief,
Till he had made of her some better priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife :
Thereto offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life :
He yeelded and her tooke ; so stinted all their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate ;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state ;
And she whom Nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformed her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake

XVII.

[her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest,
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former guest ;
And taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraîne ;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person late in perill did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond ;
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victor's powre, like vassal bond,
Whose will her weakenesse could no way repressse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

XIX.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reason's lore,
That all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither shewed to other their heart's privity.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed ;
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best besecmed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed,
To weete sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI.

Druon's delight was all in single life,
 And unto ladies love would lend no leasure;
 The more was Claribell enraged rife
 With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
 So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at plesure
 Would change his liking, and new lemans prove;
 But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all that did him move:
 So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stooode,
 Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
 And wondred at their implacable stoure,
 Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would rive
 Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
 For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure,
 Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent,
 They breaking forth with rude unruliment
 From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
 And all the world confound with wide uprore,
 As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late;
And seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together; where through lewd upbraide
Of Até and Duessa they fell out,
And each one taking part in other's aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment,
Till that uneath they forced were for lacke
Of breath their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves, for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their sides and new parts
For Paridell did take to Druon's side [take;
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide:
So all afresh gan former fight renew;
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew, [anew.
If wind and tide doe chaunge, their courses change

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong, did spare,
That through the clefts the vermeil blood out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne;
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree, [bee.
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chaunce to light;
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge in their malicious mood,
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive, as they were wood;
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell, and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for ought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to nought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words my rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast;
So litle did they hearken to her sweet behest.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest;
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide address,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
Divided them, however loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace:

XXXIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers under skie,
Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and
sleet,

First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore,
Who them with speaches milde gan first dissuade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise;
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weete faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that lady left,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;
" Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
" To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried,
" Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
" And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
" To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
" That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
" And in that right should by all knights be shielded;
" Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully

XXXVIII. [have wielded."

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong remains;
" For I thereby my former love have lost:
" Whom, seeking ever since with endlesse paines,
" Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;
" Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide;
" Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
" Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
" Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes
waide:

XXXIX.

"For from the first that I her love profest,
"Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
"I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
"But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
"I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
"In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
"Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
"That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
"I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake;
"Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
"Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
"Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
"Is now so well accorded all anew,
"That as we ride together on our way,
"Ye will recount to us, in order dew,
"All that adventure which ye did assay
"For that faire ladies love: past perils well apay."

XLI.

So gan the rest him likewise to require;
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell;
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus' temple is describ'd,
And lovers life forth set.

I.

“TRUE he it said, whatever man it sayd,
“That love with gall and hony doth abound;
“But if the one be with the other wzyd,
“For every dram of hony therein found
“A pound of gall doth over it redound:
“That I too true by triall have approved;
“For since the day that first with deadly wound
“Myheart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
“I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

II.

“And yet such grace is given them from above,
“That all the cares and evill which they meet
“May nought at all their setled mindes remove,
“But seeme gainst common sence to them most
“As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet: [sweet;
“So all that ever yet I have endured
“I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
“Since of my love at length I rest assured,
“That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toile
" Through which this shield of Love I late have
 wonne,
" And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
" That harder may be ended then begone;
" But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
" Then hearke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free!
" My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne;
" For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
" Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

IV.

" What time the fame of this renowmed prise
" Flew fast abroad, and all mens eares possest,
" I having armes then taken, gan avise
" To winne me honour by some noble gest,
" And purchase me some place amongst the best.
" I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
" That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
" And that both shield and she whom I behold,
" Might be my lucky lot, sith all by lot we hold.

V.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
" And to the place of perill shortly came,
" That was a temple faire and auncient,
" Which of great mother Ventus bare the name,
" And faire renowmed through exceeding faimes.
" Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
" Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
" Through all the pillours of the one were guilt,
" And all the other's pavement were with ivory spilt:

VI.

“ And it was seated in an island strong,
“ Abounding all with delices most rare,
“ And wall'd by Nature gainst invaders wrong,
“ That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
“ But by one way that passage did prepare :
“ It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
“ With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
“ And arched all with porches, did arise
“ On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guize :

VII.

“ And for defence thereof on th' other end
“ There reared was a castle faire and strong,
“ That warded all which in or out did wend,
“ And flancked both the bridge's sides along,
“ Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong ;
“ And therein, wonned twenty valiant knights,
“ All twenty tride in warres experience long,
“ Whose office was against all manner wights
“ By all meanes to maintaine that castel's ancient

VIII. [rights.]

“ Before that castle was an open plaine,
“ And in midst thereof a pillar placed,
“ On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
“ The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
“ Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced,
“ And in the marble stone was written this,
“ With golden letters well enchaced,
“ *Blessed the man that well can use this bliss ;*
“ *Whosoever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.*

IX.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
 " And pant with hope of that adventure's hap,
 " Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
 " But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 " That all the castle ringed with the clap:
 " Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to prooffe,
 " And bravely mounted to his most mishap,
 " Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
 " Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horse's

X.

[hoofe.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 " And by good fortune shortly him unseated:
 " Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould,
 " But I them both with equall hap defeated;
 " So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 " And left them groning there upon the plaine;
 " Then preaching to the pillour, I repeated
 " The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 " And taking downe the shield, with me did it re-

XI.

[taine.

" So forth without impediment I past,
 " Till to the bridge's utter gate I came,
 " The which I found sure lockt and chained fast:
 " I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
 " I cald, but no man answerd to my clame;
 " Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
 " Till at the last I spide within the same,
 " Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 " To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
 " Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent;
 " His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 " Th' one forward looking, th' other backward
 " Therein resembling Ianus auncient, [bent,
 " Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare;
 " And evermore his eyes about him went,
 " As if some proved perill he did feare, [appeare.
 " Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not

XIII.

" On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
 " Behind the gate, that none her might espy;
 " Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 " And entertaine with her occasions sly,
 " Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
 " Which never they recover might againe,
 " And others quite excluded forth did ly,
 " Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
 " And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

XIV

" Me when as he had privily espide
 " Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
 " He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
 " So in I past, and streight he closed the gate.
 " But being in, Delay in close awaite
 " Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
 " Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
 " And time to steale, the treasure of man's day,
 " Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

XV.

" But by no meanes my way I would forslow,
" For ought that ever she could doe or say,
" But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
" Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
" The goodly workes and stones of rich assay
" Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
" That like on earth no where I reckon may;
" And underneath the river rolling still, [man's will.
" With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the work-

XVI.

" Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
" The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
" And costly frame were long here to relate;
" The same to all stode alwaies open wide
" But in the porch did evermore abide
" An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
" That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
" And with the terrour of his countenance bold
" Full many did affray, that else faine enter would:

XVII.

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,
" Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
" From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall,
" And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
" Could terrifie from Fortune's faire adward;
" For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
" Of his grim face were from approaching scard;
" Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
" Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

XVIII.

“ Yet many doughty warriours often tride
“ In greater perils to be stout and bold,
“ Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide ;
“ But soone as they his countenance did behold,
“ Began to faint, and feele their corage cold :
“ Againe some other, that in hard assaies
“ Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold
“ Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
“ Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

XIX.

“ But I, though meanest man of many moe,
“ Yet much disdainung unto him to lout,
“ Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
“ Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
“ And either beat him in or drive him out.
“ Eftsoones advauncing that enchaunted shield,
“ With all my might I gan to lay about,
“ Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
“ He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

“ So as I entred I did backward looke
“ For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there,
“ And loe his hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,
“ Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly, were
“ Then all his former parts did earst appere ;
“ For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
“ With many moe lay in ambushment there,
“ Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight, [sight.
“ Which did not them prevent with vigilant fore-

XXI.

" Thus having past all perill, I was come
 " Within the compasse of that Island's space,
 " The which did seeme unto my simple doome
 " The onely pleasant and delightfull place
 " That ever trodden was of footing's trace;
 " For all that Nature by her mother wit
 " Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
 " Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
 " Art, playing second Nature's part, supplied it.

XXII.

" No tree that is of count in greenewood growes,
 " From lowest iuniper to cedar tall,
 " No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 " And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 " But there was planted or grew naturall;
 " Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 " But there mote find to please itselfe withall;
 " Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
 " But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

XXIII.

" In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 " It seem'd a second Paradise to ghesse,
 " So lavishly enricht with Nature's threasure,
 " That if the happie soules which doe possesse
 " Th' Elysian Fields, and live in lasting blesse,
 " Should happen this with living eye to see,
 " They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 " And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
 " That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

XXIV.

“ Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
“ Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew,
“ Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play,
“ Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew,
“ High-reared mounts, the lands about to view,
“ Low-looking dales, disloignd from common gaze,
“ Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew,
“ False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze,
“ All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

XXV.

“ And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
“ With divers trees enrang’d in even rankes,
“ And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
“ And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
“ To sit and reſte the walkers wearie ſhankes;
“ And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
“ Praying their God, and yielding him great thankes,
“ Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
“ Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

“ All theſe together by themſelves did ſport,
“ Their ſpotleſſe pleaſures and ſweet loves content;
“ But farre away from theſe another ſort
“ Of lovers lincked in true hart’s conſent,
“ Which loved not as theſe for like intent,
“ But on chaste vertue grounded their deſire,
“ Farre from all fraud or fayned blandiſhment;
“ Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
“ Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aſpire.”

XXVII.

" Such were great Hercules and Hylus deare ;
" True Ionathan and David trustie tryde,
" Stout Theseus, and Perithous his feare ;
" Pylades, and Orestes by his syde ;
" Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde ;
" Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever ;
" All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
" In bands of friendship, there did live for ever,
" Whose lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed

XXVIII. [never.

" Which whenas I that never tasted blis,
" Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
" I thought there was none other heaven then this,
" And gan their endlesse happinesse enyye,
" That being free from feare and gealosye,
" Might frankely there their loves desire possesse,
" Whilest I through pains and perlous ieopardie
" Was forst to seeke my life's deare patronesse ;
" Much dearer be the things which come through hard

XXIX. [distresse.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
" Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
" Unto that purposed place I did me draw ;
" Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
" The temple of great Venus, that is hight
" The Queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
" There worshipped of every living wight ;
" Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
" That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX.

" Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
 " Whose hight all Ephesus did over-see,
 " And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
 " One of the world's seven wonders sayd to bee,
 " Might match with this by many a degree;
 " Nor that which that wise king of Iurie framed
 " With endlesse cost, to be th' Almightyes see;
 " Nor all that else through all the world is named
 " To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

XXXI.

" I much admyring that so goodly frame,
 " Unto the porch approcht, which open stood,
 " But therein sate an amiable dame,
 " That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 " And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood;
 " Strange was her tyre, for on her head a crowne
 " She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,
 " Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
 " Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

XXXII.

[adowne.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
 " Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
 " Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
 " Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 " Though of contrarie natures each to other:
 " The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
 " Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
 " Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 " Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

XXXIII.

" Nathelesse that dame so well them tempred both,
 " That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 " Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 " And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 " Unwilling to behold that lovely band;
 " Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 " That her commaundment he could not withstand,
 " But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 " And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasingsight.

XXXIV.

" Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 " Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
 " They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
 " And she herself likewise divinely grew,
 " The which right well her workes divine did shew;
 " For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
 " And strife, and warre, and anger, does subdew;
 " Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
 " And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.

" By her the heaven is in his course contained,
 " And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 " As their almightie Maker first ordained,
 " And bound them with inviolable bands;
 " Else would the waters over-flow the lands,
 " And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight;
 " But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 " She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
 " And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

“ By her I entring, half dismayed was,
“ But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
“ And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
“ But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
“ And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
“ Had not the ladie with her powerfull speech
“ Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
“ And th’ other eke his malice did empeach,
“ Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach,

XXXVII.

“ Into the inmost temple thus I came,
“ Which fuming all with frackensence I found,
“ And odours rising from the altar’s flame:
“ Upon an hundred marble pillors round
“ The roof up high was reared from the ground, [gay,
“ All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands
“ And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
“ The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay,
“ And all the ground was strow’d with flowres as fresh

XXXVIII.

[as May.

“ An hundred altars round about were set,
“ All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
“ That with the steme thereof the temple sweet,
“ Which, rould in clouds, to heaven did aspire,
“ And in them bore true lovers vowes entire;
“ And eke an hundred brassen caudrons bright
“ To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
“ Every of which was to a damzell hight;
“ For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand,
 " Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 " Whose substance was uneath to understand,
 " For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
 " Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay, it was ;
 " But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 " Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse ;
 " Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 " But being faire and brickle likest glasse did seeme.

XL.

" But it in shape and beautie did excell
 " All other idoles which the heathen adore,
 " Farre passing that which by surpassing skill
 " Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore,
 " With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
 " Did fall in love ; yet this much fairer shined,
 " But covered with a slender veile afore ;
 " And both her feete and legs together twyned
 " Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast

XLI.

[combyned.

" The cause why she was covered with a veile
 " Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
 " From people's knowledge labour'd to concele ;
 " But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 " Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame ;
 " But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
 " Both male and female, both under one name ;
 " She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
 " Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

“ And all about her necke and shoulders flew
“ A flocke of little Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
“ With nimble wings of gold and purple hew,
“ Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
“ But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
“ The whilest their eldest brother was away,
“ Cupid, their eldest brother, he enioyes
“ The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
“ And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

“ And all about her altar scattered lay
“ Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
“ Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
“ Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
“ Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
“ As every one had cause of good or ill: [strayning,
“ Amongst the rest some one through loves con-
“ Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
“ But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill:

XLIV.

“ Great Venus I queene of beautie and of grace,
“ The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
“ Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
“ That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
“ The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
“ Thee, Goddessel thee the winds, the clouds doe feare;
“ And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on hie,
“ The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
“ And heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous
cheare :

XLV.

" Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to thee
" Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres ;
" And then all living wights, soone as they see
" The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
" They all do learne to play the paramours :
" First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
" Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
" Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
" And thee their mother call to coole their kindly

XLVI.

[rages.]

" Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
" Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food ;
" The lyons rore, the tygers loudly bray,
" The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
" And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood,
" To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
" So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
" Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
" In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

" So all the world by thee at first was made,
" And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre ;
" Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
" Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
" But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
" Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
" Great God of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
" Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
" O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse."

XLVIII.

" So did he say ; but I with murmure soft,
 " That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 " Yet inly groning deepe, and sighing oft,
 " Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
 " And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 " Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 " I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
 " A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye, [hye.
 " Wayting whenas the antheume should be sung on

XLIX.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
 " And graver countenance then all the rest ;
 " Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 " Yet unto her obeyed all the best :
 " Her name was Womanhood ; that she exprest
 " By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse ;
 " For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 " Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyse, [entyse.
 " Whose luring bates oftymes doe heedlesse harts

L.

" And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
 " Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
 " Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
 " As if some blame of evil she did feare,
 " That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare ;
 " And her against sweet Cherefulnessse was placed,
 " Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening cleare
 " Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
 " And darted forth delights, the which her goodly
 graced.

LI.

" And next to her sate sober Modestie,
" Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
" And her against sate comely Curtesie,
" That unto every person knew her part;
" And her before was seated overthwart
" Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
" Both linckt together never to dispart,
" Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
" Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

LII.

" Thus sate they all around in seemely rate,
" And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
" Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
" The which was all in lilly white arayd,
" With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
" Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
" Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd;
" That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
" Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly vertues

LIII.

[grace.

" Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
" And wade in doubt what best were to be donne,
" For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob,
" And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
" Which with so strong attempt I had begonne;
" Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
" Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
" Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
" And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare,

LIV.

“ Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
“ And sharpe rebuke, for being over-bold ;
“ Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
“ Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
“ That unto Venus’ services was sold.
“ To whom I thus, Nay, but it fitteth best
“ For Cupid’s man with Venus’ mayd to hold,
“ For ill your goddesses services are drest
“ By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

“ With that my shield I forth to her did show,
“ Which all that while I closely had conceald ;
“ On which when Cupid with his killing bow
“ And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
“ At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
“ And said no more : but I, which all that while,
“ The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
“ Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,
“ For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

LVI.

“ And evermore upon the goddesses face
“ Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence ;
“ Whom when I saw with amiable grace
“ To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
“ I was emboldned with more confidence,
“ And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
“ In presence of them all forth led her thence,
“ All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
“ Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

LVII.

" She often pray'd, and often me besought,
" Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
" Sometime with witching smyles; but yet for
nought

" That ever she to me could say or doe,
" Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
" But forth I led her through the temple gate,
" By which I hardly past with much adoe;
" But that same ladie which me friended late
" In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

" No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
" Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
" That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
" Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
" His leman from the Stygian prince's boure:
" But evermore my shield did me defend
" Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure;
" Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus' hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.

BUT ah for pittie! that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne,
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgin's love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw;
For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres nor brasen locke
Did heede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft ;
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in pieces would have cleft ;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkenesse dredd, that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx, the grandame of the gods) doth lay :
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Neever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night describe, [vide.
But thought it all one night, that did no houres di-

V.

All this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despys'd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse,
For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomarthim gave when he did her provoke.

VI.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use; but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him beight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe,
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall [all.
Through his too ventrous prowesse, proved over

VIII.

It fortun'd then a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led,
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed,

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made,
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes do wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse, I had,
And endlesse memorie, that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe, therefore, O thou sacred Imp of Iove!
The noursling of Dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphes which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperiall;
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her
prepaire.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew,
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent;
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent;
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame:

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame,
And Glaucus, that wise southsayeres understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight Palemon, and his saylers frend;
Great Brontes, and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend:

XIV.

The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor, and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
As on the ground without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx, and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest;
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
And Inachus, renowmd above the rest;
Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelagus old,
Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people with the Britaine islands hold;

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
Who for the prooffe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to his feast with Neptune's seed was

XVII.

[dight,

But what do I their names seek to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild
And know the moniments of passed age;
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T'expresse some part of that greate equipage,
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
 Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterwards both sea and land possess;
 Of all which Nereus th' eldest and the best
 Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed protest,
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
 Doing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the led den of the gods unfold, [prise,
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold
 That her all Greece with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud Priam's towne: so wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and

XX.

[toy.

And after him the famous rivers came
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie;
 The fertile Nile, which creatures now doth frame;
 Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
 Pactolus, glistring with his golden flood,
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be
 withstood:

XXI.

ght,

pight,
ght.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates ;
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate ;
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides ;
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate ;
 Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate ;
 Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame ;
 Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late ;
 And that huge river which doth beare his name
 Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

XXII.

prise,
mous

old

oy
t and
[toy.

Ioy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold ;
 And shame on you, O Men ! which boast your strong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
 Yet quaille in conquest of that land of gold.
 But this to you, O Britons ! most pertaines
 To whom the right hereof itselfe hath sold,
 The which for sparing litle cost or paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

XXIII.

ame ;
skie ;

e ;

ay be

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
 Before the spouse, that was Arion crownd,
 Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
 The cares and hearts of all that goodly crew ;
 That even yet the dolphin which him bore
 Through the Ægean seas from pirates vew
 Stood still, by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for ioy forget to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
The noble Thamiz, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely, th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blinde through eld, that scarce her way

XXV.

[could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained [hight
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which
Themselves her footing to direct aright, [pained
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway;

XXVI.

And eke somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sister's broode:
Ioy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts! but, Oxford! thine doth Thame most glorify.

XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weenen whether they were false or trew;
 And on his head like to a coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charret wonts to ride,
 When to Iove's pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a turribant;
 With such as one was Thamys beautifide,
 That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
 Attended duely, ready to obay;
 All little rivers which owe vassalage
 To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
 The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray;
 The morish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane;
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant

XXX.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him
And water all the English soile throughout; [dwell,
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout;
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which devides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines,
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines;
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines;
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath, [hath.
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded

XXXII.

And there came Stoure, with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye, [rect,
That doth his course through Blandford plains di-
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye;
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby;
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thamis he over-take.

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
Like a wood god and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify;
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which the Ruf-

XXXIV.

[fins call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames;
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streams.

Yij

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call;
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany; and Eden though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze, the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus' warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate;
For in the selfe same river where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate,
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus' hall.

XL.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioynd in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place,
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race, [pace.
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenarr spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo, tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to
weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheusa wandring there;
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her, and by force deflowr'd,
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth
powrd,

In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponde boord;
The third the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasaunt Bandon; crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood;
With many more whose names no tongue can tell:
All which that day, in order seemly good,
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare,
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
 That seem'd like silver sprinckled here and there,
 With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
 And wav'd upon like water chamelot,
 To hide the metall, which yet every where
 Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainely wot [not.
 Is was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spread
 As a new spring; and likewise on her head
 A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
 From under which the deawy humour shed
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
 One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
 Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading traine,
 Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
 Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
 And her before there paced pages twaine,
 Both clad in colours like, and like array,
 The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd
 her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
 Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
 All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
 The gray-eyde Doris, all which fifty are;
 All which she there on her attending had;
 Swift Proto, milde Eucrate, Thetis faire;
 Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad;
 Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunica, proud Dynamene;
 Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite;
 Lovely Pasithée, kinde Eulimene;
 Light-foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite;
 Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white;
 Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nesæa;
 With Erato that doth in love delite,
 And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa, [thæa;
 And snowy-neckd Doris, and milke-white Gala-

L.

Speedy Hippothoe and chaste Actea;
 Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage;
 Euagore, and light Pontoperea;
 And she that with her least word can assuage
 The surging seas when they doe sorest rage,
 Cymodoce, and stout Autonoë;
 And Neso, and Eione well in age,
 And seeming still to smile Glauconome,
 And she that hight of many heastes Polynome;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda, deckt with girland greene;
 Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrests;
 Laomedia, like the christall sheene;
 Liagore, much praised for wise behests,
 And Psamathe for her brode snowy brests;
 Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iust;
 And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
 Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,
 And Nemertea, learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
 Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
 To rule his tides, and surges to up-rere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-binde,
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde;
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th' Ocean's seede, but Iove's and Phœbus' kinde,
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

LIII.

The which more eath it were for mortall wight
 To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right;
 But well I wote that these which I descry
 Were present at this great solemnity;
 And there amongst the rest the mother was
 Of lucklesse Marinell, Cymodoce;
 Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
 Unto another Canto I will over-pas.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK IV. CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In land nor wastes his life;
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

I.

O WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny !
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky;
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity;
So fertile be the foulds in generation, [tion.
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their na-

II.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
For that the seas by her are most augmented,
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red :
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred;
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus' house they fill'd even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home,
Where as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous cliffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one
That piteously complain'd her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclos'd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That truth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the
maine:

VI.

“ Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
“ And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
“ Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
“ I will them tell, though unto no man neare ;
“ For Heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
“ Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight,
“ And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
“ Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight,
“ And greedy seas do in the spoile of life delight.

VII.

“ Yet loe the seas I see by often beating
“ Doe perce the rockes, and hardest marble weares ;
“ But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
“ Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
“ Is hardned more with my abundant teares ;
“ Yet though he never list to me relent,
“ But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
“ Yet will I never of my love repent,
“ But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

“ And when my weary ghost, with griefe out-worne,
“ By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
“ Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
“ That blame it is to him that armes profest,
“ To let her die whom he might have redrest.”
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart oppress,
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case :

IX.

" Ye gods of seas I if any gods at all
 " Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 " By one or other way me woefull thrall
 " Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 " In which I daily dying am too long;
 " And if ye deeme me death for loving one
 " That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
 " But let me die, and end my daies attone,
 " And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

X.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,
 " Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
 " And of my life's deare love beloved be;
 " And if he should through pride your doome undo,
 " Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 " And in this prison put him here with me;
 " One prison fittest is to hold us two:
 " So had I rather to be thrall then free;
 " Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.

XI.

" But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
 " The which the prisoner points unto the free;
 " The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 " He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me;
 " So ever loose, so ever happy be:
 " But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
 " Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
 Would quite have burst through great abundance of
 Volume IV. Z [her smart.

XII.

All which complaint, when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare,
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wisht that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse; but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus' sonne (that tameth stubborne youth
With yron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride)
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride;
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love, by learning lovers paines to rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge;
But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine;
Then gan he thinke perforce with sword and target
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraime;
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know:
But all in vaine; for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below.

For all about that rocke the sea did flow:
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment,
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame, [strife,
Which him had sought through trouble and long
Yet had refused a god that her had sought to wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where,
Oft listening if he mote her here againe,
And still bemoaning her unworthy paine:
Like as an hynde, whose calfe is false unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort;
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his daparture thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort;
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did inly mourne like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mother's bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre
In which his wretched love lay day and night
For his deare sake, that ill desery'd that plight;
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and langisht, and alone

XX.

[did weepe]

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight;
His cheeke-bones raw, and ele-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne;
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend:
To see an hellesse evill double grieve doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease:
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis.
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled under th'orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured;
So backe he came unto her patient,
Where searching every part, her well assured,
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or griefe unknowne, which he could not discerne;
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered there was nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out finde
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve;
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve,
For sure she weend it was some one of those
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
 That warn'd him of womens love beware,
 Which being ment of mortal creatures sead,
 For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
 But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
 That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
 So he her told; but soone as she did heare
 That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
 She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie
 In which his life unluckily was layd,
 It was no time to scan the prophecie,
 Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
 That his decay should happen by a mayd:
 It's late in death of daunger to advize,
 Or love forbid him that is life denayd;
 But rather gan in troubled mind devize
 How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus' selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe,
 Nor unto any meaner to complaine,
 But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble suit unto his maiestie
 To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
 A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie
 By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus ;
 “ Daughter ! me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
 “ Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us ;
 “ For death t’adward I ween’d did appertaine
 “ To none but to the seas sole souveraine.
 “ Read, therefore, who it is which this hath wrought,
 “ And for what cause ; the truth discover plaine ;
 “ For never wight so evill did or thought,
 “ But would some rightfull cause pretend, though

XXXI [rightly nought.]

To whom she answer’d, “ Then it is by name
 “ Proteus, that hath ordayn’d my sonne to die,
 “ For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 “ Upon your seas, he claym’d as propertie ;
 “ And yet nor his nor his in equitie,
 “ But your’s the waift by high prerogative ;
 “ Therefore I humbly crave your maiestie
 “ It to replevie, and my sonne reprove,
 “ So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.”

XXXII.

He graunted it, and streight his warrant made,
 Under the sea-god’s scale authentically,
 Commaunding Proteus straight t’enlarge the mayd,
 Which wandering on his seas imperiall
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall :
 Which she receiving, with meeete thankfulnessse
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell:
So home with her she straight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

XXXIV.

Who soone as he beheld that angel's face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell Winter's tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spred his leafe before the faire sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy,
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected,
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

CONTENTS.

Page

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK III.

Book III. Canto X.	1
Canto XI.	22
Canto XII.	41

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK IV.

The Legend of Cambel and Telamond*, or of Friendship,	57
Book IV. Canto I.	59
Canto II.	78
Canto III.	97
Canto IV.	115
Canto V.	132
Canto VI.	148
Canto VII.	164
Canto VIII.	180
Canto IX.	202
Canto X.	216
Canto XI.	236
Canto XII.	254

* 'Tis printed *Telamond* in all the editions; but it should have been *Triamond*.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

E